

The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 146.

Poetry.

CÆSAR.

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

I.

Cæsar is fallen! Shout!
Shout, that his sword is broken, lost his crown!
Shout, that his braggart hosts are put to rout!
His empire has gone down.
Exult as wildly as ye would have wailed,
If Cæsar had prevailed!
That yesterday you feared him,
Whom you to-day despise,
Forget, deny;
But be no more deceived by kingly lies,
For what he was to all your kings endeared him,
As what they are finds favor in your eyes.
Ah! why, why
For such as these, and he, will ye still live and die?

II.

Be just—just!
What has he done your rulers would not do?
What do they care for you,
Ye peoples, who in princes put your trust?
What has he done, I say, they have not done?
Made blood like water run,
In the dense streets his dreadful cannon swept,
Where France above her slaughtered children wept;
It is a way they have who wear the crown—
Your good king shot his loving subjects down;
But, though submissive, brave,
They gathered up their dead,
And, while they bore them to their honored grave,
Compelled him to look on with white, uncovered head!
If this, our Cæsar, strode through guilt to power,
If in the blood he sought he built his throne,
He did not stand alone;
For France was with him in that desperate hour;
For, though she might not welcome the strong hand
That steered her suddenly from the dangerous shore,
Whereon, full driven, she had been wrecked before,
And brought her safe to land,
She let the helm within his hand remain;
For, rent by furious factions,
And weary of distractions,
She wanted peace again—
Demanded peace, the wealth that she had lost,
And her old greatness, at whatever cost.
Remember what he found her,
And what she was when her first Cæsar fell,
With Europe armed around her,
And none to wish her well!
How, with their bayonets, dripping with her blood,
His kings brought back the kings who had oppress'd her,
But never once redressed her—
And all pronounced it good!
Too weak, they felt, to chain
Her giant limbs again,
That with the world had wrestled, and might yet—
They dragged her till she slept,
And then upon her crept,
And o'er her cast a net.
She struggled, but in vain;
But she did not forget,
And he did not forget!
And when, a stormy wooer,
That would no longer sue her,
He leaped into her arms,
It was that he might free her,
And that the world might see her
In her recovered charms—
No trace of tears, no fear of tribulations,
Most beautiful, and all-powerful—the queen of all the
nations!
This her Cæsar made her,
And this at last betrayed her;
For this has brought upon her the conquering invader!

III.

Cæsar is fallen! Shout!
Shout till your throats are hoarse, and stunned your
ears;
Fire your loud cannon, hang your banners out;
But leave me to my tears!
Not o'er this fallen Cæsar do I weep,
Nor for the thousands whom to death he led,
Nor for your thousands in the same dark sleep—
I weep not for the dead!
I weep for the unutterable blindness
That makes a Cæsar possible to-day,
That will not let the nations live in kindness,
And die the natural way!
What though ye have one Cæsar overthrown?
Ye have set up another of your own.
What is it, pray, to us?
What is it to the Race
Whether the Gaul or Pruss,
The Latin or the Russ,
Is now in Cæsar's place?
It matters not a jot—
They love us—love us not!
They trust us—when they must;
They use us, when they will;
They grind us to the dust;
They cheat, they rob, they kill!
Exult who may. For me, I must deplore—
I must lament and pray
That God will bring the day
When Cæsar is no more!

R. H. STODDARD.

Our Special Contributors.

"A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN OF A GENTLEMANLY DEPORTMENT."

BY MRS. EMILY E. FORD.

To say a man is strong-minded, in common parlance, is high praise. To say a woman is strong-minded, in the same dialect, is like saying she has a beard. It is a reproach. Now let us see what makes the difference.

Weakness abstractly is bad. It is always unsatisfactory, from weak tea to weak temper, and the epithet weak applied to great and valuable things in life, such as sense, will, temper, men, timbers, rails, and so on, indefinitely, is a sentence of condemnation; even to say she is a weak woman is not considered very complimentary.

Strength, on the contrary, is a good quality in itself; abstractly it is good. It is only in the wrong place that it becomes bad, and there are very few places in the world of matter or mind where it is unwelcome or necessarily unmanageable.

Take the material world. Iron is the best of metals, because the strongest for most purposes. The oak is the grandest of trees because of its strength. The strength of the hills in nature, the strength of construction of buttress, of tower and bridge, is the highest quality of each. All good things are better for strength. The stronger they are, the more valuable they are.

This holds true in the world of spiritual forces. What is it to be strong-minded? It is

to have a large measure of the noblest character made up of the best qualities—judgment, reason, self-control, will, discrimination, perception, magnanimity, honor, generosity and the like. One or two of these may go with a weak character; even judgment and reason need decision to execute their dictates; but these all, or less than all, cannot be united in a character without giving it strength. The man that possesses the most of these best gifts of God to man will be the most of a man among his fellows. His influence will be commanding, for after all real superiority is felt. Wherever he stands he will be a pillar of strength to the weak, a rock of refuge in the stormy sea, a light-house among his kind. One boy with such gifts is the pride of the school. A man so endowed is the hope of his town, his city, his State. Why? Because in every position in which he is placed he will act with noble propriety. Be his sphere what it may, his large round-about sense will bring all things into order, and beauty for himself and others.

Now, why should a woman be expected to be, not like the useful and noble things in life, in which strength is necessary and important, but only like dangerous substances—poisons, for example, which are safer weak than strong; or, like unimportant, as butter, in its perfection, sweet, soft, and melting, and capable of moulding to any form. Butter is a pleasant addition to our meals, but not an essential piece of resistance, as meat and bread. This may be the true view of woman—pleasant, but not actually necessary. Strong butter is not good, we confess; but some firmness of substance and capacity for taking shape is better, even in butter.

As to health, the community is gradually waking up to understand that illness, even in women, is a great misfortune. The early debility and decay of our women is mourned by the physician, the artist, and even the political economist. Delicacy and feebleness are more pitiful than interesting, and unstrung, quivering nerves are lamented as well as ridiculed. You confess that robust health is a blessing, even for a woman. But if you gain this blessing by wholesome, robust life for her, with all its charms and comforts, you will find robust thinking will come with it. You cannot change the body without affecting the mind, nor strengthen the physical fibre without affecting the vigor of the brain, and courage, decision, will, join themselves to calm nerves. You must accept the one with the other. If butter is the material of which you wish your model woman made, and set up like the Chinese Tartars on a pedestal for their spring festival in praise of this product of their beloved herds, it will melt in too hot a sun, and vanish with the first pelting rain.

It is said that a woman's sphere is so different from a man's that she does not need these stronger faculties and powers. Let us see again: It is now allowed that educated men make better workmen than even the ignorant, and that a trained mind assists even the me-

mechanical processes of the fingers. Mr. Simmons, of Boston, lately deceased, gives his largesse to women because he found workwomen incompetent, from deficient mental training, to perfect themselves in their occupation. We all know how difficult it is to obtain skilled labor in any branch of woman's work. He felt the need of wholesome, accurate, mental activity in humble avocations, and his benevolence sought a remedy. So much for culture. Is it not conceded that the larger and finer the nature, the larger the capacity for culture? A woman of high mental power, industry and good principle has a better set of tools to work with from the start, and must do better work.

We claim that women and men alike need in any sphere the most and the best qualities with which God can endow them, and as much culture as they can secure besides. This suffering, sorrowing, dying world has need and use for all. If their spheres are humble or unfortunate, let them strive for the harder virtues of patience, fortitude, industry; if their lots be brilliant let them cultivate temperance, moderation, benevolence, men and women, equally.

How is it in married life? If a wife bring to her husband the dowry of justice, truth, honor, generosity, judgment, affection, the more she brings, the safer and happier will be his life; and certainly, if she stands alone earning her livelihood, this must be true. What teacher, what mother, what shop-woman, what sewing-girl, could be worse off for these gifts, which make up a strong character? Who dares to say these would be a bad endowment for anybody? And yet those who cast the sneer of strong-minded at thinking women, practically say it until the epithet seems to suggest visions of bounce, of braggadocio, of defiance, of reckless disregard of the proprieties and graceful amenities of life. "A strong-minded woman of a gentlemanly deportment."

But you say these robust qualities are all well where women are called to stand for themselves, and make their own fight in life. The true mission of elegant women of leisure is to look pretty, to cultivate graceful manners, and the arts of pleasing. Pray, what substances take the highest lustre and polish? Do not the hardest materials best repay the workman's labor? Are not diamonds, rubies, etc., the hardest of stones? The toughness of gold and silver are the cause of their ductility; and is a fool more docile and easily managed than a woman amenable to reason? Which takes the smoothest and most elegant finish, the soft, friable sandstone, or the enduring Scotch granite, the noblest stone now used? This is but analogy, but it is a true one. No, women need in their different lives the same excellencies that men require; and if they do not have them, it will react on men, weakening them; and cause and effect working in a circle, the man will disable the women in turn, and so the two sexes will injure each other, instead of helping. From the Bible comes the story of Sampson and Delilah; from Pagan Greece, its mate in the myth of Hercules and Omphale. You must make both better, or you degrade both. A mother influences her household more than the father. He may be wise, tender and conscientious in his duties, but all the time the children breathe her atmosphere, catch her spirit, and partake of her nature.

Let us hear no more talk of rivalry between the sexes, so mutually related and dependent. It is absurd. They rise and fall together.

EMILY FAITHFULL.

Questions affecting the education and status of women have commanded great attention of late years, and secured constant discussion in the general press of the country. Perhaps there has been a tendency to laugh at many of the notions put forward by enthusiastic women, and the friends of women's rights, and a quiet, sly humor in the way in which the great women question has been treated. But, on the whole, there has existed a pretty general desire to have the questions fairly stated, and to do justice to the efforts which have been made, and are still making, to secure equal rights and liberties for women as for men. But, with the eminently characteristic practicability of Englishmen, more heed has been paid to the concrete than to the abstract. Mere notions about what are women's rights, and what privileges she ought to exercise, have never commanded the same respect as the few practical schemes which have been put forward to show what women can do, and how they justify their claims to the equal position with men which they ask. In this eminently practical way, Emily Faithfull has for a long time past dealt with this interesting matter.

The daughter of an English clergyman, and educated at a school at Kensington, she was enabled to enter upon life with good prospects. She was presented at Court in her twenty-first year, and entered for a while into the attractions and gaieties of London life. But the condition of women, and especially the fact that so few remunerative fields of labor were open to them, wherein they might earn their own living and escape from a position of dependence, began to attract her attention, and she set her thoughts resolutely in the direction of devising some plans by which this waste labor could be turned to profitable account, and the condition of women be thereby improved. Not troubling herself much about theories, or abstract ideas, like a sound judging, practical woman, she began to look about as to what could be done. She found nearly all the avenues of life by which men can support themselves closed to women, and could discover no satisfactory reason why this should be. Thinking earnestly of the matter, and turning over many plans in her mind, she at length came to the conclusion that type-printing offered as fair a field for women's labor as any she could select, and so resolved upon trying the experiment.

In 1860, she collected a band of female compositors, resolutely fought her way through a crowd of difficulties and obstacles, and succeeded in establishing the "Victoria Press." The Queen's attention and interest had been secured, and soon from the press appeared a number of excellent specimens of typography, which called forth commendations from experts. Among these was a really superb piece of workmanship, the "Victoria Regia," which was, by permission, dedicated to the Queen, who signified her approbation of the same by appointing Miss Faithfull printer and publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty. So far, the practical scheme proved a complete success, and Miss Faithfull had the satisfaction

of feeling that she was solving one of the greatest problems of the age. Leaving to others the work of speaking from platforms, and influencing public opinion by word of mouth, she continued her useful career, proving, by simple demonstration, the capacity of women for skilled mechanical work, and their fitness to take their place with men as bread-winners in the world.

In 1863, Miss Faithfull began the publication of a monthly magazine, entitled "The Victoria Magazine," which is the production of women's brain as well as women's fingers, and which has secured a deserved popularity in success. In this magazine she has been able to set forth her practical views on the woman question, and to vindicate the utility of her wise plan for improving the condition of her sex. She has now a regular establishment in the neighborhood of Hanover Square, where are to be found all the appliances of a bookseller, stationer, and book-binder, and where she hopes yet more satisfactorily to show what can be done to provide remunerative employment for women. Her great success in this matter is breaking down ages of prejudice. The possibility of women accomplishing satisfactorily and successfully work hitherto only done by men can now no longer be denied, and we are probably at the beginning of days when many avenues to honorable employment hitherto closed arbitrarily against women will be thrown open to them, and their position be thus unspeakably improved. Miss Faithfull deserves well of her sex, and of society in general, for dealing in this sound, practical and business-like way with a subject which has been belabored with invective, and made sickening with sentiment. She knows the value of a strong purpose, and a resolute perseverance, and has proved her capacity for leadership in an enterprise which is as deserving as it is sure of success. It will be a great pleasure to the people of Newcastle, as well as to the members of the Social Science Congress, to welcome this high-minded, energetic, and noble woman during her present visit. Through her there will be a cordial welcome to all wise schemes and practical efforts to improve the position of women in the community and in the world.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

The American Law Review, under the above caption, says: "While we of the plodding East are still balancing the arguments in favor of or against the admission of women to the various professions, the bolder West solves the question by the happy device of allowing them to try the experiment. In Wyoming women sit on juries; in Michigan Mrs. J. E. Tenney has become State Librarian; at the Michigan University women are admitted to the Law Department on the same terms as men; in Chicago the best legal newspaper is edited by a woman; and now we have a full account in that newspaper of the attempt of Mrs. Ada H. Kepley to obtain admission to practice at the Illinois bar." *The Review*, after printing our account of Mrs. Kepley and the colored attorney, Richard A. Dawson, says: "If the State which once contained 'Egypt' has overcome its prejudices so far as to admit to equality the hated black, the time cannot be far distant when women will also find the victory won."

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM EUROPE.

GENEVA, Sept. 18, 1870.

Dear Revolution: I send you a translation of some extracts from a work now in press by Madame Monod, entitled "Woman's Mission in Time of War," thinking your readers will be interested in the labors of this high-spirited Madame Simon. In many respects, she bears a striking resemblance to one of the good Samaritans of our war, Mother Bickerdyke—the same devotion to her work, like abnegation of self, the same cutting through of red tape when decision was needed, the same promptness in dealing with refractory subjects when good was to be accomplished thereby.

As my pen has followed these brief notices of Madame Simon, I have thought of those in America calling themselves just men, who would limit a woman's rights in the State because she cannot bear arms in its defence—something, by the way, not yet proven. I wonder if Prussia and Saxony would have been as much benefited by the musket this strong, courageous woman might easily have carried at Sadowa, as they were by the work she did after Sadowa. Perhaps Mr. Greeley can tell why "a freeman's rights" should reward his services to the State, and not those of Mother Bickerdyke.

Yours truly, KATE N. DOGGETT.

EXTRACTS FROM "WOMAN'S MISSION IN TIME OF WAR."

After Sadowa we heard much in Saxony of the frightful distress which reigned in the environs of the battle-field. Exaggeration! said some, but events proved that the half had not been told. The condition in which the wounded returned showed that they had failed to receive proper care.

There was at Dresden an eminent woman who, from the beginning of the war, had devoted herself to the organization of hospitals. Thanks to her, wide gaps, caused by lack of understanding and lack of subordination, had been filled. She belonged to the better class of society, and was accustomed to a life of ease. The relatives of the Saxons in the army received no news of them, or only that which was not trustworthy. Madame Simon offered to go to Bohemia. The International Committee eagerly accepted her proposition, and sent, at the same time, but by another route, a distinguished physician, Dr. Brauer.

Madame Simon went to Koeniginhof, the last station before Koeniggratz. Many hundreds of wounded men filled the waiting-rooms and the approaches to the station-house; the greater number had had their wounds only temporarily dressed. They were to be transported farther, for the place was already overcrowded. There was there a physician of energy and tact, but he was alone and destitute of everything. Madame Simon did what she could, and sought to procure a shelter for those who were lying upon the bare ground.

She learned there was also great need at Horenawas. A cart was to return empty, having brought a load of prisoners. She took possession of it with a physician who had kindly offered his services.

They arrived the evening of the 7th of July, four days after the battle. A heart-breaking spectacle awaited them. In the centre of the

village was a chateau from which the inhabitants had fled. From the entrance-steps to the ridge-pole it was filled with the wounded. There were six hundred in and around the building. Not a vacant place; but they had neither food, nor linen, nor medicine—impossible to procure anything, even at its weight in gold. There was not even a candle, and in the darkness Madame Simon had to listen to the groans of the sick, and the death-rattle of the dying. She had thought of many things, but not of this. A Prussian physician, who had arrived some hours before, was no better provided with means of dispelling the darkness. Nothing was to be done but to await the morning; but how many of those unfortunates would not await the dawn!

At last the light came. A hundred men, wounded, maimed, dying, were lying upon the stones, the mind wandering, asking, with scarcely audible voice, for water. There was no one to care for their wants; not a cooking utensil anywhere. Madame Simon had brought chocolate and the extract of meat, which she distributed to these unfortunates. In the course of the day, deaconesses arrived with provisions, and the situation began to be more tolerable. The dead and wounded had still their haversacks, but they were empty; the change of clothing which ought to have been in them had disappeared.

Gradually the inhabitants of the village returned, trembling and dismayed at this invasion of their homes. Rewards were offered to the first who should bring cattle, and no requisition was made upon those who would nurse the sick. Soon carts arrived containing everything needed, but distributing hands were still wanting.

Madame Simon, hearing that in other places Saxons were perishing for want of succor, hastened to them, leaving at Horenawas a lady whom she had brought from Dresden. The distress was great everywhere. At Pardubitz, at the moment of the Prussian occupation, there were more than a thousand wounded or with amputated limbs, dead and dying. Some had no clothing, but bloody shirts; others, writhing with pain, called upon death with loud cries, or, with imploring voice, begged for bread and a drop of water.

Dr. Brauer found affairs at Rosnitz no better than Madame Simon had found them at Horenawas. "Rosnitz," writes he, "will never fade from my recollection; that image will pursue me to my dying day—Rosnitz, where the Knights of Saint John sent me five days after the battle. Imagination could not conceive the misery existing there. I found six hundred and fifty wounded, of whom a great part were lying in their own filth. As a physician, I am accustomed to see all forms of suffering, but there I could not restrain my tears. The second day, measuring our total insufficiency, I lost courage, and ceased to dress wounds. Let those die who must, and let us save the living. Without prompt aid, I foresaw violent hospital fevers and terrible mortality, even among those less severely wounded. I have been over the whole field of the war. At Rosnitz wretchedness was at its height."

Literally, every house, granary and stable was filled with Saxons and Austrians; among them thirty-one officers. Out of every five wearing an epaulette, among the Saxons, four died for want of care, rather than in conse-

quence of their wounds. A single Austrian physician, without linen, medicine, or surgical instruments, was in the midst of these unfortunates. He heard their cries, their oaths. From their dying mouths sometimes groans escaped, sometimes a prayer; flies swarmed around their gaping wounds. Most of these poor bodies were stretched upon the bare ground; some had found a little straw to lie upon; some were half buried in the mire.

Entering into this atmosphere, the strongest involuntarily drew back. Soldiers who had braved the horrors of the combat could not endure the spectacle that met their eyes. The first ambulance did not arrive till the 11th. Up to that time these wounded had been left to two physicians, who cared for them till their own strength was completely exhausted. But, thanks chiefly to Madame Simon, all this was soon changed. Says Dr. Brauer: "There remain at the hospital at Horenawas eighty whose limbs have been amputated or broken by projectiles. Madame Simon is much beloved; they call her the mother of the hospital. At Headeck our wounded have had the benefit of excellent care, and we owe it to the good nourishment given them that we have saved nearly all."

The little village of Horic had received two thousand wounded during the days immediately following the battle. Willingly, or forced thereto, the inhabitants had given everything they possessed; but lint and linen, old and new, were wholly lacking. Madame Simon came and remedied this state of things. In another locality the same events. Madame Simon telegraphed to Dresden, to the Secretary of the International Committee, and in twenty-four hours lint and bandages arrived.

In one of her rapid journeys Madame Simon came to Mastowed, a village of fifty houses. There she found more than nine hundred wounded in complete abandonment. Sixty were piled up in a granary. The wounds had been hastily dressed the third of July; it was then the eleventh. Let one fancy, if possible, the bed in which they had passed eight days without being moved, with little to eat or drink. And they had not been allowed to die, although they could not hope to live! It was necessary to act, and Madame Simon began her task. Urged by an irresistible desire to lessen the torments of these wretches, she put aside every feeling likely to unfit her for her work. She forced herself to look at these human wrecks with heroic indifference. She ran from house to house, calling to her aid the inhabitants who had returned to their homes. But the Bohemian peasant was embittered by his misfortunes; he will not stir; neither promises nor menaces succeed in overcoming an apathy almost bestial.

The good Samaritan, accompanied by a Prussian soldier, went to visit the mayor. He refused to do anything. "Very well, my friend," said his interlocutor, "you see the gun of this soldier? It is loaded, and for people of your stamp. If you do not obey, he will fire. I have but one word to say. Do you understand?"

He did understand, and acted in consequence. At the same moment, a Prussian orderly galloped into the narrow street. "Horses for the service of the army," cried he to the mayor. "Oh, sir," cried the lady, "do not think of horses. For the love of God, follow me; come and see what your country-

men, and those who are no longer your enemies, are suffering."

He yielded to her solicitations, and witnessed this unparalleled distress. Hastening back to his regiment, he related what he had seen. Officers and soldiers came at full speed, and with tear-furrowed faces distributed what was needed to friend and foe alike.

They did not suffer everywhere so terribly; nevertheless, almost everywhere the needs were great. They wanted surgical instruments above all things. The bringing together of such vast numbers of wounded made them fearful of epidemics. Gangrene had developed frightfully. On the other hand, for a great number, to carry them further would have been to kill them. It was necessary to enlarge the hospitals, and to furnish them with what was needed. But how?

Madame Simon returned promptly to Dresden; she described what she had seen with scrupulous exactness, but with the vivacity of personal and recent impressions.

Then the International Committee displayed incomparable energy. The 17th July Madame Simon returned to the seat of war with an enormous amount of supplies of all kinds. She overcame all the difficulties of a painful journey. As representative of the International Association, she had a position such as no woman but Miss Nightingale has occupied. Thanks to her, all the hospitals of the country were supervised by the Knights of St. John. Thousands of wounded had clothing, excellent food, even niceties.

Once bread was wanting in several of the hospitals; repeated demands had not obtained it. She telegraphed to Dresden, "Send bread and flour." Thirty-six hours after bread and flour arrived by thousands of pounds. In another place they had no fresh meat for broth; twice the physicians had asked in vain for it. "I knew," says Madame Simon, "that large herds, belonging to a division of the army encamped in Moravia, were passing in the neighborhood. I went at once to those who had charge of these cattle, and immediately obtained what I wished. Men were detailed to take the sheep and oxen to the hospitals that needed them."

Madame Simon, not satisfied with acting, made a collection of observations of various kinds, most valuable as they are the fruit of a long experience. "To what," says she, in her notes, "must we attribute the sad results of so many amputations, and the mortality that reigns in the hospitals? First to the transportation, afterwards to delays. Wretches whose wounds have been dressed in haste, even if they have been dressed at all, exhausted with fatigue, are heaped up in carts, dragged along under a burning sun during long days, over bad roads. The consequences of such journeys must be fatal. The sick and the wounded should be cared for on the spot. Hospitals should be erected, even on the battle-field, in fine weather, using tents. Each army should send its supplies to the important points, and not impose upon the conqueror the obligation of caring for the wounded of the enemy. Let everything pass under the shadow of the red cross that there may be no difference between friends and enemies.

"My work was international. I forced myself to succor all my brothers. Among the wounded and the sick I saw only suffering beings, having a right to that active sympathy

that Christianity commands. I had the same heart for the Prussians and the Austrians as for the Saxons."

FROM MAZZINI.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 30, 1870.

Madam: I take the liberty of sending an extract from the first published letter of Mazzini, since his illegal arrest and imprisonment in the castle of Gaeta.

It may interest you to see how, even amid his own sufferings, the noble Italian still remembers the wrongs and rights of women.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

AGNES CRAIG.

The Avvocato Signor Mazzoleni having sent a copy of his book, "La Famiglia nei Rapporti Coll' Individuo e Colla Società," to Mazzini, now imprisoned in the fortress of Gaeta, received from him in reply a letter of criticism on the book, from which is taken the following extract:

"GAETA, 16th of Sept., 1870,

"Brother: I have received first your book, afterwards your letter. Grateful for both in this my solitude, where every token of Italian affection is doubly dear to me, and where books do not exist.

"Do you not draw back rather timidly before the question of the political rights of woman? Religiously, morally, and physiologically, for me at least, the question is solved. But even *practically*, do not forget that the consciousness of a mission to be fulfilled is, with the disinherited, the first and very powerful stage of education. If you wish that woman may truly love, and efficaciously and zealously teach others to love, her country, do so, that she may enter into a share of its destinies. Your book is, in other respects, filled with good ideas and useful knowledge.

Yours, with thanks,

(Signed)

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

We have, in Thackeray's daughter and in the daughter of Charles Dickens, evidences of the highest literary talent; and it is not generally known that the sister of Henry Fielding excelled in the mental labors which are usually thought to be only fitted for the male sex. To Fielding later novelists have been largely indebted, and he owed much to his sister's example and encouragement. Sarah Fielding was the third sister of the novelist, Henry Fielding. She was born in 1714, and died, unmarried, at Bath in 1768. She was a woman of great learning and talent. From the Greek she translated Xenophon's *Memoirs of Socrates*; and among her original compositions are the novels of David Simple, the *History of the Countess of Delwyn*, and the *History of Ophelia*. These works show what woman could do in the field of fiction at a time when her inferiority was even more dilated upon than at present. Readers of the present day will not fail to remark how much succeeding writers have borrowed of plot, and even language, from the writings of an almost forgotten but able woman.

They have in Sewickley township, Westmoreland county, Pa., a young lady, Miss Ann Lash, who has broken a young colt which her father gave her, cultivated nine acres of corn, drove the reaper and cut ten acres of wheat, nine of oats, and sixteen of grass, the present season. She is a girl of good education, and is a proficient in music,

Letters from Friends.

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE SEXES.

I mean friendships, *irrespective of sex*, and this will condemn me in the eyes of many, for this condition is not supposed to be compatible with undoubted purity of intent by the entire majority; but condemnations do not affright one who takes for her motto "the truth, and the whole truth. I rather enjoy them, for they show that somebody is stirred up. As the "next best thing to a victory is a defeat," so the next best to a convert is an antagonist. And I have much of the feeling of an old friend of mine—radical in all reforms—who used to say she liked to shock people by the utterance of what to them were new truths; for when they were once well shocked, they would never again be, upon the same point, but were getting ready to *think* about it. Lead an honest person to *think* for himself, and your work is accomplished for you.

The world judges from its own standpoint, when it says that friendships are impossible between the sexes; so we must let it go on railing, and content ourselves in the company of a few pure souls who are, with us, satisfied of the fact. I am aware, my friend, that you perused and enjoyed that masterly and admirable production upon friendship, by the Rev. Francis Abbot, which was published in one of the first numbers of the *Index*. He is a clear thinker, a sound reasoner, and an earnest and true man. To him, and to others, I am indebted for the assistance of example to help me make these declarations that have so long been living truths in my own soul. Friendships are there spoken of in their true relations, and sex considered no obstacle. No doubt, if husbands and wives would only allow themselves to understand their own needs, they would find this the great element lacking in our social life. Barring this, we feed *only* from each other, and get so disgusted in time with continued honey and molasses, that even an emetic would be welcomed to change the programme. People get this great nausea, and not having freedom, nor being willing to take or grant it, they contract emetic friendships, where there are plenty waiting for them of the sensible, bread-and-butter kind, which will cherish life, instead of draining the system.

In a notice two years ago, of "Dawn," then a new romance, I said what will be apropos to my present task: "Both husbands and wives are too exacting in the company of each other. We need other magnetisms than those with which we continually come in contact, in order to bring out our full natures and develop all our powers. We need brothers and friends, as well as husbands; sisters and friends, as well as wives. We need more social life, and less jealousies; more unrestrainedness in society, and less infidelities (which would follow); more uprising toward the Divine, and less groveling toward the animal. * * * The fact of the possibility of a friendship, a Platonic love between the sexes, is wholly ignored by the mass; and yet there are many of the purest of these in our midst, unavowed, and unknown even to the parties concerned. As sexes, we have feared to trust each other as we ought, and this con-

dition is caused by our false education concerning these relations. * * * Let us educate the rising generation to see other aims in life than that of marriage, though that is desirable when true; that there are other loves in life than the conjugal, and just as honest and earnest. Let us learn to have more confidence in our husbands and wives, our brothers and sisters, and believe it possible for them to be actuated by high and holy motives in seeking at times other than our exclusive society, if it is that of high-minded men and women, and not conclude that total depravity is the law, and ourselves the only exception to it."

LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

ADVICE FOR YOUNG MEN.

The press never wearies of offering advice to women, young and old. The domestic industries are usually the burden of their songs, as well as of their romances. The iteration and reiteration which young women are made the subjects of, in regard to the especial gratification which men consider necessary to their (own) happiness, and to the sustaining of homes, suggests something, now and then, which might, with equal propriety, be offered as sound advice on the other side of the question. Let me suggest, then, the following example as one worthy of imitation:

"A young man, recently married in Beloit, Wisconsin, helped his wife, while courting, to sew together rags enough to make sixty yards of carpet."

This strikes the key-note of some the existing evils of society, especially in relation to young men. For that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is just as true now as in the days of the poet Watts. It is not usual that boys, nowadays, are trained to the minor home industries and economies; hence, unless they are unusually fond of reading or study, they have a great deal of leisure time on their hands, which is devoted to seeking amusement outside of their homes. Here we have an instance of a pair of hands which were not idle, and so rare a fact is it, that it was deemed worthy of note. The comparatively insignificant work was more to him than its own reward, since in keeping him from the schools of vice, it has also improved his morals. If young men would devote as much time to the small unpaying industries of domestic economies as they do in seeking vicious amusements in the streets, or in the haunts of vice, which bad men open for the idle and unwary, what a revolution in the happiness of homes would soon make itself felt and realized in the community! The small sums, which are so large in the aggregate, and which are turned to the worst account in sustaining vice, would, by the added industry of those same young men, increase in a ten-fold proportion. The pennies spent for cigars and mint juleps would return in pounds to the possessor, when used for domestic purposes. If the "little foxes destroy the vines," so do the minor virtues leave them, not only to grow, but to produce fruit. A society ought to be organized for the purpose of awarding prizes to industrious young men, and to this one especially should be awarded the premium. Let others go and do likewise.

CHICAGO.

HARRIET T. BROOKS.

A Georgia fisherman (white) recently sold his wife for six bunches of fish.

A NEW FRENCH BOOK.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 27, 1870.

MADAM: I send you through the post a French book, lately published in Paris, written by a very talented and worthy woman. Our papers have highly praised it. As she has addressed me several copies, I thought it would be proper to give you one, in order that you can recommend it to every person understanding French, and indorsing our cause. I do not want to say that Madame de Bareau is a woman's rights woman; all our French ladies, when learned, are so.

When we have crushed the vandals who are now in France, and war is ended, I will return to my dear country, in order to help my friends in establishing, solidly, our republic through women, who can only make it lasting; and I hope to have the pleasure to shake hands with you before embarking, and thank you for your good REVOLUTION.

Pardon me my broken English, and believe me, madam, truly yours.

JENNY P. D'HERICOURT.

MRS. WHITNEY AND MISS ALCOTT.—The London *Saturday Review* pays the following well-merited compliment to two American lady authors: "Very few of even our best writers can compass a book for the young which shall be all that it ought to be, avoiding, on the one hand, extravagant sensuality and a standard so high as to be outside human nature altogether; on the other, rapid silliness, which no grown girl can accept as fitting food for her mind at all, and which irritates, as all pretense and make-believe must. Some American books are perhaps the best of their kind for the present generation, leaving untouched our old favorites, which, however, have by this time acquired a certain musty and rococo air, and are not quite in harmony with the times. If we might single out one, which seems to us perhaps the best of all, it would be *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*; but here we have another, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, which runs the former favorite hard, though it has not the fun and humor to be found in "Faith Gartney."

The following comes from San Francisco, Cal.: The Woman's Suffrage Association met at Dashaway Hall. There was a very good attendance. The President of the Association, Mrs. Van Dyke Newman, presided over the meeting. Several letters were read from friends of the woman's suffrage movement. The principal purpose of the meeting was to listen to an address by Mrs. Pitts Stephens. This lady spoke for over an hour, and made a very effective and eloquent address. We could not, in the limited space we have to spare, begin to do justice to her effort. She was loudly applauded.—*Examiner*.

Mrs. Cady Brownell, admitted a few days since to the Grand Army of the Republic, at Bridgeport, Conn., is believed to be the only female comrade in the country. Mrs. Brownell served gallantly in a Rhode Island regiment, and, at the battle of Newbern, when her husband was wounded and dropped the colors, she bravely gathered them up and carried them into battle. She was afterward wounded and honorably discharged from the service.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Gerrit Smith, of Peterborough, N. Y., has recently purchased the only tavern in the village, in order to rid the community of the influence of the bar-room. This latter apartment has been converted into a reading-room, which G. S. keeps supplied at his own expense. It has become a place of pleasant resort.

At a little distance from the hotel, in a couple of snug cottages standing side by side, each with its garden in front, live two sunny-faced women, silver-haired, wrinkled, and old—"Aunt Betsey" and "Aunt Laura," as they are affectionately called—one of whom was housekeeper in Gerrit Smith's family for more than forty years, and the other the nurse to all his children. Nothing can be more beautiful than the tender care on the one side, the loyalty and revered love on the other. As the fresh papers arrive, Mr. S. takes away the old ones and leaves them on Aunt Betsey's table, and after that old goody has looked them over they are distributed to certain deserving folk in the village.

The lady who gives this information adds: "I have visited many houses, been the inmate of many homes, but never before one like this. One breathing the affluence of wealth, without a touch of its insolence, characterized by refinement and the highest culture, yet free from all the impertinence of display. Plainness of attire, simplicity of manner, absolute sincerity, and an all-prevailing spirit of love characterize the family, and give tone to the home—a home free from press and hurry and confusion, where differences of opinion are expressed without irritation, where the individual is respected, where the younger members of the family are reverent and the older ones considerate, where all are mindful of the interests of each, and each is thoughtful for all—a home where, after almost fifty years of wedded life, husband and wife are still lovers, still mindful of the graceful amenities, the loving observances, that made beautiful the honey-moon. This large-hearted man does not hesitate to acknowledge his indebtedness to the gentle, loving woman, who through all the best years of his life has walked beside him, who has filled those years with a fragrance of a nature singularly sweet and unselfish, who has been a constant incentive to noble living, a perpetual reminder of the claims of humanity!"

The Cherokee *Advocate* tells the following new story about Mr. Lincoln: "A delegation of Delaware Republicans called upon him, and with a due sense of their own position took occasion to inform him, in the course of the visit, that they were among the 'heavy men' of the upper end of the State. 'So you all belong to the 'upper end of the State?' reflected Mr. Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, and then with a look of earnest solicitude inquired, 'Is there no danger of the State tilting while you are away?'"

Mrs. Fanny Houghton, of Petersham, 78 years of age, never saw a train of cars or rode in a stage till last week. She has been a widow 18 years, and in that time has cleared a farm from debt and supported a dependent son, and now is out of debt with money in the bank. She attends her stock and farm with her own hands.

THE BOYS.

Where are the boys?

Where have they gone with their restless feet?
 Out in the orchard or down in the street?
 Storming the woodland for blossoms fair,
 Or robbing the meadows of treasures rare?

Where are the boys?

Long are the shadows across the vale,
 Twilight has come with her visage pale;
 Where are the boys, that they haste not home?
 Where do they wander—whither roam?

Where are the boys?

Two little coats hanging high on the wall,
 Two little hats on the racks in the hall,
 Two little chests that are full of toys,
 Ask in mute language, "Where are the boys?"

Where are the boys?

Waiting and waiting, with weary pain,
 Listening, listening, all in vain,
 Many a time have I chid their glee—
 Now the soft silence is woe to me.

Where are the boys?

Little feet listless, oh! nevermore,
 Little lips, smiling forevermore,
 Little eyes opening not all day,
 Little hands folded, but not in play—

Where are the boys?

Learning the lessons I could not teach,
 Catching the glory I could not reach,
 Wrapped in a love that is all divine,
 Safe in a care that is more than mine,
 There are my boys.

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

Extracts.

QUEEN AUGUSTA.

WAR AND WOMAN'S AMBITION—THE FUTURE
 EMPRESS OF GERMANY—THE HISTORY AND
 POPULARITY OF THE QUEEN.

The war in Europe, which has ruined one Empress, and rendered her an exile and a wanderer, will probably result in the elevation of another royal lady to the imperial dignity. For long years Queen Augusta, wife of the King of Prussia, has entertained the ambition of becoming the Empress of Germany. She was impressed with this idea long before she reached the throne, and no doubt impressed her ideas upon the mind of her husband.

Queen Augusta is known by her most intimate associates to be a most ambitious woman. She is not wanting in any element of true womanhood. Her devotion as a wife and mother are appreciated by her family, while her deeds of kindness and charity render her deservedly beloved and popular. But with these more sterling home qualities she combines a large knowledge of men and politics, and takes a deep interest in all that relates to literature and art. Her Majesty is a daughter of the famous Duke who was the munificent friend and patron of Goethe, and in her youth she came much in contact with the illustrious author, and her character, in no slight degree, was influenced if not modeled by him. With these antecedents and qualifications, she could hardly fail to take a deep interest in the great events of which her court has been for so many years the centre.

In taste, cultivation, and intellect, she is vastly superior to her husband, who is simply a large, bluff, honest, hearty, self-willed and somewhat dull gentleman. The Queen has too much good sense to ever obtrude in state affairs. But there can be no doubt that her quiet unseen influence has frequently turned the scale in favor of Bismarck's large-brained policy, when the obstinate, timid King was inclined to hold back.

An anecdote illustrating her Majesty's capacity for politics is not generally known. In 1848-'49, after the Berlin insurrection, the insanity of the old King of Prussia, brother to his present Majesty, became more marked, and led to numberless court intrigues. The dominant faction, of course, attempted to make light of the malady, their object being

to govern in the King's name. It was denied that he was insane, and at worst his malady did not incapacitate him from business.

The difficulty was increased by the unwillingness of the physicians to pronounce any definite opinion. It was under these circumstances that her Majesty, then Crown Princess, invited Dr. Roecker, the most distinguished physician and philosopher in Berlin, to the palace. She received him entirely in a friendly, and not in a professional capacity. She led the conversation on general subjects of art, and at length glided naturally to the absorbing question of the King's illness. The Princess expressed the grief of the family, and asked, was there really any hope of his Majesty's complete restoration to mental and physical health? The physician thrown off his guard, repeated that there was "not the slightest hope."

The Princess instantly arose, pushed open some folding doors of a room, in which were seated members of the Council, legislators, members of the royal family, and the high officers of state.

With a commanding voice she ordered Professor Roecker to repeat his statements respecting the condition of the King's health. He had no alternative but to obey, and in a few days her husband was declared Regent with full authority. He retained his position until he assumed the title of King on occasion of his brother's death, which occurred a few years afterward.

The large ambitious character of Queen Augusta, as we have stated, exercised an influence upon the King. So shrewd an observer as Bismarck has always recognized this feminine quality as a favorable text in selecting male diplomatic agents. On one occasion he was in doubt about the fitness of a certain appointment he desired to make, until he was informed that the wife of the candidate was a peculiarly ambitious lady. This turned the scale, and the appointment was duly effected. —*New York Free Press.*

ABOUT MARRYING TOO YOUNG.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: "Girls do not reach their maturity until twenty-five, yet at sixteen they are wives and mothers all over the land, robbed of all the rights and freedom of childhood in marriage, crippled in growth and development; the vital forces needed to build up a vigorous and healthy womanhood are sapped and perverted from their legitimate channels in the premature office of production. When the body is overtaxed, the mind loses its tone, and settles down in a gloomy discontent that enfeebles the whole moral being. The feeble mother brings forth feeble sons; the sad mother, those with morbid appetites. The constant demand of stimulants among men is the result of the morbid conditions of these mothers. Healthy, happy, vigorous womanhood would do more for the cause of temperance than any prohibitory or license laws possibly can. When woman, by the observance of the laws of life and health is restored to her normal condition, maternity will not be a period of weakness, but of added power. With that high preparation of body and soul to which I have referred, men and women of sound mind and body, drawn together by the sentiments of affection, might calculate with certainty on a happy home, with happy children gathering round their fireside."

I was once at a little musical party in New York, where several amateur singers were present, and with them the eminent professional, Miss Adelaide Phillips. The amateurs were first called in. Each chose some difficult operatic passage, and sang her best. When it came to the great opera singer's turn, instead of exhibiting her ability to eclipse those rivals on her own ground, she simply seated herself at the piano and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," with such thrilling sweetness, that the young Irish girl who was setting the supper table in the next room forgot her plates and teaspoons, threw herself into a chair, put her apron over her face, and sobbed as if her heart would break. —*T. W. Higginson.*

HOW A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM
APPEARED IN 1770.

The following description of a couple on their wedding day, in 1770, is amusing and interesting:

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front with a bosom-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beflowed, while his queue projected like a handle to a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk lined with yellow; his long vest of satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knees with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around the wrist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

A SENSIBLE PRAYER. — A "nice young man," who had changed his mind for another, asked his affianced, on the evening of their appointed marriage, if she would release him from the engagement. She replied in presence of the party assembled: "Yes, emphatically yes, and I am so thankful, let us pray." When all kneeled down, the fair young girl in bridal robes prayed in a firm voice. She asked for strength to bear her humiliations, and continued: "Have mercy on this new wife. While I thank thee, O God, for my deliverance from such a pitiable creature, I would ask Thy blessing upon his poor wife. Give her grace to bear the affliction of such a husband. Keep him from drink, and may he become a better man. Watch over me, our Father, and preserve me from ever again approaching so nearly to utter ruin. Give me strength to return to my home and preserve my sex from such men."

FEMALE DARING. — A war correspondent of an English journal gives some remarks of Von Goeben on incidents in the fight at Saarbrück: "The thing which struck me most in the whole of the fight," said the General, "was the deliberate heroism displayed by the Saarbrück women. They entered the lines, bullets and grape-shot flying fast and thick, in a cart, dismounted, and carried the baskets and bottles, with which they intended to refresh the weary troops, right forward where they thought they might be wanted. If a ball or bullet struck the ground or an object close to them, they started, but immediately after walked on as if nothing had happened."

I have come to the conclusion if man or woman either wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it. —*Prof. Upham.*

Charlotte Cushman writes to a friend in Providence that there is no possibility of her ever returning to this country, although it is her earnest wish to close her earthly career on American soil.

About Women.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage is recovering. Decatur County, Iowa, has a woman constable.

There are seven American lady sculptors at Rome.

Clara Barton is looking after the wounded at Strasburg.

Jean Ingelow, the poetess, is recovering from a severe illness.

Miss Anthony commences her lecture tour at Dunkirk, N. Y., October 24th.

Five hundred women worked in the field in Outagamie County, Wis., this season.

Richard Wagner was married on the 25th of August to the wife of Hans von Bulow.

Woman is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Every man should have a copy.

Queen Mary Stewart's watch was made in the shape of a skull, and adorned with precious stones.

A journal to be called the *Workwoman* is announced to appear in Philadelphia next winter.

Mrs. Betsey Boardman received thirteen votes for the town representative in Woodford, Vt.

They talk of electing a woman Superintendent of Public Instruction at Atchison, Kansas.

The American reprint of George Sand's romances is a decided success, as it ought richly to be.

Miss Susan B. Anthony will spend some weeks at Tenafly, New Jersey, on a visit to Mrs. Stanton.

Jean Ingelow's new volume of poems, called "The Monitions of the Unseen," will be published this fall.

Blandford has the honor of electing the first woman superintendent of common schools in Massachusetts.

Boston is proud of the fact that among its government school teachers there is a pure-blooded negro woman.

Miss Fanny Moore, of Augusta, Me., is a candidate for the office of register of deeds for Kennebec County.

A lady in Syracuse is said to rest her head on a grammar while sleeping, in order that she may dream correctly.

An Indiana husband has petitioned for a divorce, on the ground that his wife will not allow him to live at home.

Helen Pelletreau, formerly of Westfield, has been appointed preceptress of the Pennsylvania Female College at Pittsburgh.

The New England Female College at Boston is progressing finely, and will be dedicated some time in this month.

An Ohio girl has laid by the sum of six hundred dollars, all gained by making corn-husk door-mats at ten cents each.

Miss Adelaide Phillips is organizing a concert company for an extended tour through the West and South and to California.

The French have women surgeons, and they are said to take a leg off in such a fascinating manner that amputation is a favor.

Woman's rights picnic parties are getting to be very common in the West. Males over twelve years of age are rigorously excluded.

As a matter of family pride the relatives of the late Marquis of Hastings have paid all his debts. This is family pride of the right sort.

"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is the female musketo that torments us." A bachelor says that it is not at all curious.

Brigham Young regrets the million and a half of women that are "wasted," as he terms it, in this country by being unmarried. It is sad.

Brigham Young is looking for a comparatively single gentleman on whom to bestow the hands of five-and-twenty marriageable daughters.

Mrs. Martha Haines Butt Bennett has returned to this city, and will regularly attend the lectures of the Woman's Medical College next month.

Vinnie Ream, the American sculptress, has been presented with a costly gold chain and medallion by Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's Prime Minister.

The Regent's University of California admits young ladies to the university on equality, in all respects, with young men. There are several applicants.

Fanny Lewald tells the German women they are censurable for wearing French chignons and clothes cut according to brazen French fashions.

Miss Sarah Briggs has been appointed Postmistress at Somerset Corners, Niagara County, New York, in the place of Postmaster Kemb, removed.

Mrs. Livermore says that the Woman's Suffrage Association are going to thoroughly scour Massachusetts. The contractor for soap will be a lucky fellow.

The question of woman suffrage was brought up in the platform committee of the late Republican Convention in Iowa, but the proposition was rejected unanimously.

It has been decided that a widow may continue the business of her husband without taking out a new license, provided she has the bonds changed to her own name.

The Women's Christian Association of Washington, D. C., which is very active in assisting the poor and friendless, is out in an appeal for aid—the treasury being low.

The *Woman's Advocate* thinks the good time will have come when a hard-working farmer shall say to his wife, "Sally, you must take time to post yourself on governmental affairs."

The latest accession to the ministry in the West is a Miss Marianna Thompson. She recently preached at Grand Rapids, Mich., and is said to have a very winning and graceful style.

Charlotte Cushman, the once famous actress, has just sold all her real estate in Chicago, which was valuable, and the proceeds will be sent to London, where the unfortunate lady now lives, slowly dying from an incurable cancer.

Sister Irene, of the Foundling Asylum of New York, reports that thus far one thousand and forty babies have been found in the vestibule of that institution. They continue to come in at the rate of about seven daily.

An exchange pithily and truthfully says: "There are two prominent classes of men in every community—the one goes ahead and does something, while the other sits back and grumbles because it was not done some other way."

A college for women alone is soon to be organized at Franklin, Mass. We do not believe in colleges for women alone. Our demands will be fully met when colleges already existing are thrown open to both sexes on the same terms.

The other day, one of the female Freshmen at the Michigan University insinuated the superiority of her sex, by asking a professor to explain a point which she understood, but which she thought "those young gentlemen back there did not."

One of the Beecher girls used to say that she had three rules to guide her in copying her father's MSS.:—If a letter was dotted, it was not an i; if a letter was crossed, it wasn't a t; and if a word began with a capital letter, it didn't begin a sentence.

The widow of Rev. Henry A. Wise, late Rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, on Wednesday, secured judgment for \$21,564 against the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of New Jersey, on account of a policy on her husband's life.

Dr. Mary Brice, of Leavenworth, is gaining much fame in Kansas. A local paper says of her: "She treats displacements and other diseases peculiar to her sex with the best results, having cured several that had been given over by their former physicians to die."

It is said that if a woman would paint the skin of the face blue, at the corners of the eyes for a small space, shading it off in the direction of the ear, it would give a languishing softness to the countenance, and would make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild, and meek.

Mrs. Johnson, the Postmistress of Leavenworth, Kansas, is described as a lady of thoroughly good manners, soft and womanly voice, and free from the slightest taint of affectation. Her office work is complicated, but all admit the duties were never so well performed.

Five lady missionaries lately left this city for India—Miss Brittan, Episcopalian; Miss Ward, Presbyterian, of Williamsburg, N. Y.; Miss Lathrop, Congregationalist, of Rockford, Ill.; Miss Butler, Baptist, of Chicago; and Miss Chase, of the Reformed Church, of Stillwater, N. Y.

The ladies of Jersey City have formed an association, with the view of securing "the dissemination among women of a better knowledge of the human system, and of the laws of life." It proposes to secure "a harder motherhood, and less feebly-developed posterity than is now the heritage of the American race."

Miss Lillian Edgerton, who as a lecturer has achieved much popularity in a very short time, belongs to a family somewhat distinguished for their literary and oratorical talents. Her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Edgerton Mayo, was a writer of much ability, and her brother, Professor Warren Edgerton, is well known as an elocutionist. Her ability comes as natural to her as her rare beauty.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

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WOMAN'S PUNISHMENT AND MAN'S PARDON.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, in a review of Mrs. Adolphus Trollope's new novel "Veronica," says of one of the characters:

"In her youth she 'fell,' but had no hesitation in marrying an honest man who was ignorant of her history. The rehabilitation of women who 'fall,' by imposing them on loving, respectable, and unsuspecting husbands, is not a pleasant theme. The author of 'Veronica' had better abandon it, and resume the characterization of virtuous women."

These sentences embody so great an injustice against woman that we cannot let them pass unrebuked; not that the Brooklyn *Eagle* is a sinner above all in this matter, for it only expresses a common sentiment—a sentiment so ancient and so universal that its enormity is too apt to pass unnoticed.

In the matter of chastity, society has one code of morality for a woman and quite another for a man.

Public opinion, of which this critic is the mouth-piece, is shocked and outraged by the portrayal of a heroine of romance who, having made a misstep, conceals it from the man whom she marries; but it has no word or thought of condemnation for the many heroes of novels who have erred in this same way. Still further, in real life, public opinion does not make it a point of honor for a man to unveil all the secrets of his bachelor life to the woman he seeks in marriage. What would be thought of the charge against a man, "In his youth he fell, yet had no hesitation in marrying an honest woman who was ignorant of his history!" It would be regarded as simply absurd. Do we not all know, in the social circles in which we move, dozens of young men who have been "rehabilitated" after not one but many "falls," by marriage with "loving, respectable and unsuspecting wives"?

Has it not passed into a proverb that "reformed rakes make the best husbands?"

When society is ready to receive the prodigal son, and kill the fatted calf in his honor, why should it have no welcoming smiles for the repentant daughter? A sinner dare plead before God no distinction of sex as a palliation for his crime? Why is such a plea allowed by mankind?

To excuse that sin in a man which, when committed by a woman is punished by her social degradation, is one of the grossest forms of injustice of which society has been guilty.

It is a frequently-repeated and much-applauded sentiment that we "would not lower the standard of morality for woman, but would bring man up to the same high ideal." In so far as regards the education and training of our boys to consider a pure life as essential to them as to their sisters, we sympathize fully with this sentiment. In this respect there is a lamentable deficiency in the

education of our boys. So far from feeling that sins against chastity bring upon their souls the same smirch that they entail upon their sisters, young men are not apt to regard the commission of such acts as something to be ashamed of, but, on the contrary, stigmatize one of their number who leads a pure life as a milksop. All this we would have changed. We would have our sons stimulated to the same purity of thought and of action that we now demand of our daughters; but God forbid, that when one of our boys sins we should insist upon the meting out to him of the same cruel punishment which society inflicts upon the girl who lapses from virtue.

It is a monstrous injustice which inflicts a life-long agony of humiliation upon the young girl who, in some unhappy moment, yields to a stress of temptation, and commits a sin which God may forgive, but which will never be pardoned by man. Let us be thankful that our erring sons are not crushed under such a weight of obloquy. But let us protest against that spurious religious teaching which, under the mask of Christianity, preaches the doctrine of unforgiveness.

Society is more Christian in its treatment of our sons than of our daughters; for if there is one doctrine upon which, as the keystone of the arch, the fabric of Christianity rests, it is that a sin repented of and forsaken is by our God remembered no more against us forever.

The history of the Church and of the world is full of instances of noble work performed by men whose early years were full of sins and weaknesses, but who, rising into a new and better life, brought with them from their past experiences only a larger charity and more tender pity for their erring fellow-creatures.

And what is true of men is equally true of women. Mary Magdalen is not the only saint of whom it can be said, "This woman was a sinner." Could we venture to tell the private histories of a few of the noblest women we have ever met, they would be a triumphant refutation of the generally accepted theory that a misstep in a woman undermines the whole moral structure of her character.

A sin against chastity is no worse in a woman than in a man. Its effect upon her nature is no more fatal than upon his. If she falls, God be thanked, that she can rise again into a pure and noble future.

The denial of this central truth of the Saviour's teachings has drawn more hapless beings into the dreadful army of "lost women" than any other cause. The knowledge that by one act she has incurred the contempt of all the world makes a girl reckless. The consciousness that she has forfeited the respect of all who know her makes her lose her own self-respect, and she sinks deeper and deeper into the mire until almost every trace of womanhood is crushed out of her.

Christian women, will you allow this monstrous injustice to exist without a protest? Mothers, who know that a mere imprudence will ruin the reputation and happiness of your daughters, will you not demand for them the same mercy from society that your sons now receive?

It is time that women were roused to a sense of their own responsibility in this matter. You may feel that your own daughters are secure under your care, but remember the thousands of poor and unprotected daughters

of other mothers, and for their sakes ask that the teachings of Christ be applied to your girls as well as to your boys.

BODILY CULTURE.

The Toronto *Globe*, after commenting on Miss Sheehan's exploit at the Empire City Rowing Club Regatta at Harlem, and the fact that a Miss Steele, of Pittsburg, wishes to dispute with her the female championship, says:

"Anything which tends to bring up the physical constitution of the women of the United States to that of their European sisters, is no doubt a benefit both to the American ladies themselves and to those who have to pay the doctors' bills. Travelers have remarked over and over again the fragile contrast which the American woman presents to the well-developed and healthy woman of the British Isles and Europe. Causes innumerable have been adduced to explain this palpable deterioration of race. Some of these causes are stated to belong to what might be called the moral category, and others of them to what may be styled the physical.

"Into the former we do not purpose to enter. The physical causes, however, present less difficulty. It is notorious that American women are averse to exercise in the open air. There may be climatic and domestic reasons for this aversion; but at any rate it exists. It is open to doubt, however, whether boat-racing for women is that species of open air exercise which presents the best method of acquiring vigor and preserving health. The curse which attaches to almost every athletic exercise in the United States is almost sure to overtake it; we mean the vicious practice of betting."

The *Globe* has certainly hit the mark in its criticism on the facts above mentioned. The peculiar vices of racing are among the most demoralizing from which the male side of creation suffers; we should be very sorry to see them extended and amplified by the imitation of women.

Wilkie Collins, in his admirable novel called *Man and Wife*, has shown how excessive physical culture among the young men of England tends to brutalize and degrade them. When the muscles are habitually kept up to the condition of whipcord and steel-wire, the instincts of the gladiator supersede those of the man; the forehead is straitened, and the spiritual part lost sight of.

There is, however, but slight occasion for alarm concerning the athletic sports of women. Only a very small number of women are at all likely to seek notoriety in the manner described, for only a few have that exact combination of nerve and physical stamina which it requires.

The physical culture which American women mainly need is the toning up of the whole system, the acquisition of bodily stamina and energy. They are flaccid and languid to a lamentable degree; and few of them can endure much outside of their regular round of duties. As the *Globe* says, they do not love open air exercise. The better health of men, when compared with women, is mainly due to the fact that their avocations require them to breathe purer air during a large part of the day. Thousands of women, who know not rest from early morn till dewy eve, breathe over the exhausted air of close, stove-heated rooms, and are not aware how stale it is, because they have nothing to compare it with. American women need a broad, thorough education in the art of ventilating, before they can become healthy as a class. They want to learn how to open doors and windows, and to defy drafts until their lungs come to crave oxygen, and refuse to exist without it. English women are notably in advance of us in

this respect. Fresh air is one of their chief requisitions; and the arts of walking and equestrianism are among the best things their system of education has bestowed upon them.

It is safe to say that not one person in a thousand can be thoroughly well without changing the dead and heavy air of the house for the fresh and bracing influences of the outer world at least once a day.

There may be people so constituted that they can defy the laws of health by housing themselves for an indefinite length of time. We have seen those who triumphantly asserted that they could do so without injury; but if their bodies did not visibly deteriorate, we believe they would have been sweeter and kinder in nature, better wives and mothers, and truer Christians, for having their blood cleansed by purer air. The subtle bodily deterioration which immense numbers of women suffer shows itself in lassitude, want of appetite, a sickly pallor of countenance; and entire physical weakness, which is the fruitful soil for a mile-long catalogue of diseases of which our great-grandmothers lived and died in blessed ignorance.

Added to these considerations is the fact that scores of women weaken and destroy the tone of the stomach, often at a very early age, by deleterious food, by hot soda bread, greasy pastry, and, worse than all, by unduly taxing the digestive organs with candy and confectionary between meals. A school-girl in one of our cities spends dollars upon poisonously-dyed and flavored sweets where she ought to spend pennies. The fact that the candy-shop is almost unknown in London has a direct bearing upon the better physical condition of English girls. Strong tea and coffee, unhealthy condiments, and an excess of sweet, without the proper nutriment in sufficient quantities to make good blood, bone, and muscle, are among the reasons why American women, as a rule, have poor and morbid appetites. Cake, preserves and pickles have a fearful amount of physical degeneracy to account for, and these are strictly American institutions.

The Boston *Congregationalist* utters a wail over the present status of girlhood, which is not uncalled for. He says:

"First. You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of all God's creations. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body.

"Now stand with me at my office window, and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now, isn't that a pretty-looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wildness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc. The shop-windows tell us all day long of the paddings, whalebones, and steel springs, which occupy most of the space within that outside rig."

"In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double-twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?"

The *Congregationalist* might have added to its list of horrors, diseases without number. Under those "double-twisted, touch-me-not artificialities" there is often a neuralgic head, a dyspeptic stomach, and inert digestive organs. The question of "how is a man to fall in love" with such a being? is of not nearly

as much importance as how she is going to get through existence decently and creditably to herself? It is a man's question, and, like most questions propounded by men in regard to women, has its root in selfishness. Men have yet to learn that there is a sacred debt which women owe to their own bodies and souls.

The London *Athenaeum*, in a similar spirit, gives us an article on tight lacing. It shows up the foolishness of the practice, on the ground that young men dislike wasp waists, and make fun of them. If this be true, let us publish, from Dan to Beersheba, the inspiring fact that young men enjoying a temporary spasm of sense prefer women formed upon such models of beauty as the Venus de Medici and the Venus of Milo, rather than the adorable creatures whose vital organs are compressed into about one-third the space nature intended them to occupy.

Certain ladies in Jersey City, we learn, have formed themselves into an association "for the dissemination of a better knowledge of the human system and laws of life." They propose, also, to secure a "hardier motherhood and less feebly developed posterity." We heartily wish them God speed in the herculean task they have undertaken. Their field is the world, over which hangs an almost Egyptian darkness concerning the great truths their undertaking involves.

Is it wonderful that the woman cause is agitating the bosoms of the women of Russia? A book entitled "The Rod in all Countries," says that anecdotes of the flagellation of ladies in Russia could be multiplied to any extent. The author says: "It was stated a few years ago, in a German newspaper, that three of the most beautiful women of St. Petersburg were driven directly from one of the imperial balls, in their own carriages, in all their finery of satin and lace, to the police station, and, after being mounted on a man's shoulders, with their dresses tucked up, were smartly whipped with a birch rod. No explanation was given, but they were dismissed with the significant caution to hold their tongues in future. At another imperial party, some young ladies, who had been chatting too freely, were politely escorted by a *maitre d'hotel* to a distant apartment, where, being made to kneel over an ottoman, they were severally smacked by a female housekeeper with their satin slippers, and then sent home. If this is true, it explains the woman's rights movement that has lately attracted attention in Russia. This objection of women to the rod probably comes of permitting them to have the alphabet. There is really no safety when that is conceded.

The Baltimore *Gazette*, in one of its book notices, speaks of Mrs. Calvin E. Stowe's Agnes of Sorrento. It may not be generally known that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is the lady thus referred to.

If the husband and wife are one in the law, and that one the husband, the same rule does not apply to literature. In the world of letters and art a woman has a right to her fame, which mankind have agreed to respect. Mrs. Beecher Stowe makes no claim to the laurels which the theological works of her husband have twined around his brow, and we doubt whether the worthy professor would thank the editor of the *Gazette* for attaching his

name to the novels which have made his wife so famous.

Would the *Gazette* speak of Jenny Lind as Madame Otto Goldschmidt; of Ristori as the Countess di Rossi; of Lucy Stone as Mrs. Henry B. Blackwell, or of Dinah Maria Muloch as Mrs. Professor Craik?

Does he dissent from the prevailing sentiment, which allows a woman to wear the name which her genius has made a household word? If so, the force of conservatism can no farther go.

VI ET ARMIS.

It is a pity that there are women ready to adopt the degrading male code of honor, which impels its followers to wipe out injuries by castigation of the person of the injurer. Men of sense are fast coming to know that the old idea which taught that an insult could be settled for by a thrashing is a sham and a delusion. There are scores of men as brave as lions who would not soil their hands with such base business, and every year, in decent society, there are fewer roysterers and swaggering knaves ready to break heads in a quarrel.

The *Times* deplores the fact, that "since the horse-whipping exploit of Lydia Thompson and her associates in Chicago, an unusual degree of belligerency has developed itself among their sisters throughout the land." Such facts are the results of a bad example. It certainly is not a pleasant or inspiring sight to see a woman wielding a horse-whip over the back of her foe, although he may be as mean and degraded as human nature can become; nor is it a spectacle calculated to make the friends of woman jubilant.

We are sorry that, according to the *Times* account, society has been rendered so unsafe for men by this new and strange eruption of female prowess. We should like to see them quaking before the weight of the ballot in the hands of a woman; but we should regret to have their personal safety jeopardized by the amazons of the sex. Our cause does not go upon muscle, but upon moral forces. We do not desire to see women prize-fighters, and are more than willing that the male side of creation should enjoy a monopoly of pugilism and its kindred abominations.

"Many, many a woman have we known to plow in the field, hoe corn, pull fodder, make hay, feed cattle, and even to build fence, drive teams, shuck corn and chop wood, and that too in these United States."

We clip the above from one of our Southern exchanges, and would really inquire whether woman engaged in these employments is not stepping out of her sphere to the same extent as when she walks to the polls with a ballot in her hand. Really, the women of our friend's district ought to be looked after by the old fogies.

"The St. Joseph (Mo.) Union says that a 'Society for the Encouragement of Young Men Desiring to Marry' is about to be organized among the young ladies of the city."

This is the second society we have heard of as founded for this purpose; but the latest novelty in societies is the one suggested by our own correspondent, a "society to fit young men for matrimony."

It is a good idea, and we recommend it as auxiliary and prefatory to the one talked of in St. Louis.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

Dr. Nathan Allen, in a thoughtful article written for the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, makes some startling statements and suggestions in regard to the physical degeneracy of American women. He says:

"Once a large majority of the girls of our American population were taught early to understand and perform housework, which, combined with considerable out-door exercise, served to develop strong and healthy physical frames. From the age of six to sixteen, of the girls of that period, probably not more than half their time, on an average, was devoted to school education or intellectual pursuits. In fact, this would apply to only the higher and wealthier classes, whereas the great majority of the girls of that age had much less schooling than that. It seems to be the order of nature that the physical system is best developed and strengthened, when the person is young—when all the tissues of the body are in a natural state of growth—and especially is this so in the case of the muscles which constitute the moving powers of the whole system. But what a change has there been within a short time in the education of girls! They are now very generally kept in school from the age of six to sixteen, with only short intermissions for rest and recreation. Very little attention is paid to physical development and health. They grow up with muscles weak and soft, possessing but little strength and vitality. The brain, together with the nervous system, is kept continually on a strain, producing often, no doubt, a brilliancy and precociousness of scholarship, without the stamina of constitution to sustain it. Hence, many girls, for the want of exercise, and by too close application to studies, now early break down in health, or bring on weaknesses and diseases which disable them more or less through life. And just in proportion as this training of the muscles is neglected in youth, in the same proportion will it incline them afterwards to perform house labor, as well as all other kinds of work which requires much exertion. In consequence of this want of training or neglect of exercise, large numbers of our women do not possess that strength and firmness of muscle, that stamina and vitality of constitution, which are indispensable to sound and vigorous health. In fact, the natural law of growth and healthy development seems to have been reversed. According to physiology, this is the natural order: first, the cellular tissue, then the muscular, the cartilaginous, the osseous, and the nervous; and, inasmuch as the muscular is the moving power of all the other tissues, its proper exercise and development in childhood become all-important. Then the brain and nervous tissue come last in the order of growth, which should not be pushed prematurely at the expense of the others. Now, while all these tissues are in a growing state, they constantly require a large amount of nutrition for growth, but, if this premature exercise of the brain demands more than its legitimate share of the nutrition, the whole system must suffer."

After speaking of the deleterious effects of fashion, he says:

"Again, connected with this weak and relaxed state of the muscular tissue, and with the above-mentioned effects of fashion in dress, has sprung up a class of very grave complaints which once were comparatively unknown in our country, and are somewhat peculiar to American women. We refer particularly to weaknesses, displacements, and diseases of organs located in the pelvis. Within twenty or thirty years there have been not only marked changes in the type and character of the diseases of females generally, but this class, comparatively new, has increased wonderfully. No one but a medical man, who has devoted special attention to this subject, can realize fully what are the nature and extent of this change, and what are its direful effects. These complaints have frequently been produced, have certainly been aggravated, and sometimes made incalculably worse, by the various means and expedients which the parties have resorted to, in order to interfere with or thwart the great laws of population."

"WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?"

"It is generally believed that, in accordance with hereditary laws, the vitality, the stamina, strength of the constitution, depend much more upon the mother than the father. It becomes, then, vastly important that she, the mother herself, should have the right kind of organization. One condition in these laws is, that all imperfect developments, marked weaknesses, or strong predispositions to disease are transmitted in an intensified form. Hence each successive generation

will suffer, in these respects, far more than the preceding. And if these will go on accumulating, what will be the condition of things as they approach a climax? It might puzzle any one to predict; but, as in the case of an individual who obstinately and blindly pursues a course of living detrimental to health, and finds it impossible to relieve himself when he awakes to a sense of his errors, so may a nation or a race awake too late when their mistakes or vices are ripe for retribution. Is the welfare of our people to be sacrificed to a moral blindness, or is the boasted intelligence of this generation to fall before the temptations of too great prosperity or to an everweening conceit of its own wisdom or of its own worth?"

PROPERTY RIGHTS.

The Rhode Island *Press* has an editorial on this subject, from which we extract the following:

"We have reached a point far beyond the restrictions of the English common law, but the sexes are not yet made equal before the law. Upon our own statute-book we see evidences of the inherited prejudices of the sexes which the discussion of years has not removed, and which we fear will remain in spite of the universal professions of a desire for justice to all. We can see no good reason for giving to a husband, as tenant by courtesy, all the real estate of which his wife died seized and possessed, for his life, while the wife receives but one-third of the real estate belonging to her deceased husband at the time of his death, for her life. It may be urged that the husband acquires his right, as tenant by courtesy, only in case of the birth of a child who would inherit the property of his mother, and that this right to all the real estate of the wife is conferred that he may be able to provide for the child in case of want of other means. But justice would equally demand that where a husband died, leaving a wife and children, the wife should receive all instead of one-third of his real estate, at least during the minority of the children, for the same reason."

"Again, we can see no reason for allowing the husband to appropriate to himself, as administrator, all the personal estate which she had at the time of her death, while he is entitled at most to one-half of his personal estate, and in case the intestate husband died leaving issue, to only one-third part thereof. Our law has wisely secured to the wife her property so far that it cannot be attached or in any way taken for the debts of her husband. Why it has not given her the absolute control of it is a question which is more easily asked than answered. Marriage should not divest a woman of the property that she possessed when single. She can manage it as well afterwards as before; but if she chooses to appoint an agent to act for her, she should be allowed to select one for herself without the interference of the law. In all these distinctions we see the traces of the old doctrine, which time has not yet been able to eradicate. We do not believe that woman should lose her legal identity because of her marriage. All these restrictions upon the right of a married woman to control her own property are based upon the idea that upon marriage the wife is considered as merged in her husband, and both are regarded as but one person. This is the theory of the common law. But the statutes of the several States have modified this arbitrary rule in many essential particulars. The wife does not now lose her legal identity by marriage. But she should be

given absolute control of her property. If she is so disposed she can assist her husband to the full extent of her means. But that should be left to her own discretion. The law should not certainly interfere to enrich her husband at her expense, simply because she has married him."

MARRYING BY PROXY.

Here is a Miles Standish story, although the result proved somewhat different in this case from what it did in the famous example:

"Many years ago the Rev. R. S. Maclay was sent by the Board of Missions as missionary to China. He was reasonably successful, but felt in need of a wife, and wrote to the Board requesting them to send him one from America. The Rev. Dr. Pittman, then Secretary of the Board, being a man of very fine feelings, wrote to Bro. Maclay that it was a very delicate and difficult matter to select a wife for another man, and advised him to defer marriage until 'a more convenient season.'"

However, as the Rev. Maclay was so anxious to have his draft on the Board for a wife duly honored, Dr. Kidder, another member, set about the work of courting by proxy, and induced a Miss Sperry, of Brooklyn, to leave her friends and relatives, and travel five thousand miles, to become the wife of a man she had never seen:

"Mr. Maclay was written the state of the case—there was no telegraph in those days—and it may be just at this time that he may have had some misgivings of his mode of action. Here was a lady coming thousands of miles to marry him, whom he had never seen, with whose disposition or temperament he had no knowledge, and all he had to rely upon was the recommendation of a brother minister! There is not a man in a thousand who would be satisfied with such a choice. But then she was pious and self-sacrificing. This was the comfort, the consolation, and the harbinger of love and happiness."

"And how was it with the young lady? Was she not equally exercised about her position? Did she not frequently, during that long and hazardous journey, question herself as to her prudence in accepting the proposal of marriage in such a second-hand way? She never saw the man that was to be her husband; she only knew him by reputation; she might be unattractive to him, and he repulsive to her, when they met for the first time."

It was quite unnecessary for the writer from whom we copy to take the pains to assert that Miss Sperry was self-sacrificing. In fact we should almost call it self-sacrifice run mad. The story-book sequel which states that the pair thus strangely brought together, lived happily ever after does not alter the truth. No woman, however intense her spirit of self-abnegation, is called upon to put body and soul into the scale of chance in the manner thus described. No sacrifice made at the peril of dignity, honor, and true personal respect, can be a sweet smelling savor unto the Lord, and women have yet got to learn this truth thoroughly before they take any important step towards real progress.

"The girl of the period" is out in Fulton county, Indiana, who speaks four languages, chews and smokes tobacco, plays the most difficult music on the piano, swears, dances superbly, and takes whiskey "straight," and is strong on the woman's rights question.

Supply and demand will always regulate each other absolutely; and if the above item is a true description of the ideal woman of Indiana, it is certain that she did not appear till she was demanded by the male citizens of that State. We confess we do not admire their taste, even if their ideal does believe in woman's rights. That article of her faith is good, but her creed is too long. We can't subscribe to it all.

MRS. BURLEIGH'S NEW LECTURE.

The New York *World*, which is not only noted for its fairness on the woman question, but also for the amount and variety of its intelligence about the doings of women, gives this item with regard to Mrs. Burleigh's new lecture, which we copy for the benefit of her many friends among our readers.

"HOUSES AND HOMES."

Mrs. Celia Burleigh has furnished some notes of her new lecture—the title of which is given above—for publication, and as the majority of newspaper readers are much interested in the "woman's movement" just now, we are induced to print the notes as received:

You ask about my new lecture—"Houses and Homes." Its purpose is to show the difference between the two: that while there are a great many houses there are comparatively few homes, and to indicate the essential condition of a home in the true sense. Glancing at the houseless primeval man, I trace his progress from barbarism to the highest civilization as expressed in his habitations. In doing this, I refer to the hut of the savage, the tent of the nomad, the fortified castle of middle ages, the fashionable mansion of our great cities, and its correlative, the tenement-house. Country houses, with their shut up parlors, are glanced at. City houses, all alike and without adaptation to the occupants; new houses, old houses, haunted houses devoted to mere physical comfort, houses tyrannized over by the demon of order, and finally, the ideal home of which I send you a specimen brick. "My ideal home is ruled neither by fashion nor tradition. It has a reverent recognition of the fact that every human soul is from God, and for humanity. The family is not a conglomerate mass, but an assemblage of persons. Each has a place and an occupation in which he can make good the faculties of himself. The principal of non-intervention is recognized and respected. The master and mistress have calm and gracious ways, and are still mindful of the sweet observances that made beautiful the honeymoon. The children have rights that are respected, and brothers and sisters are also gentlemen and ladies. The father is not addressed as "governor," nor spoken of as "the old man;" nor is the mother patronized by her daughters, laughed at for her old-fashioned notions, nor reminded that times have changed since her day. It stands for a spiritual fact, and bears witness in all its appointments, that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It is the resort of the people—men and women—of the most varied character, but related in the fact that they live true lives. Their welcome is as sincere as it is cordial, and their entertainment is characterized by the best thought and a noble simplicity.

Meeting the host upon the threshold, the guest encounters a fact as grand as Niagara, and the conversation of the hostess is something finer than Beethoven's sonatas or the glowing sunsets of Claude Lorraine.

The Princess Clotilde is no Maria Louisa. She married a Napoleon, cast her lot with this family of wonderful fortunes and misfortunes, and she intends to abide her fate. She refuses to leave the Empress in her present troubles.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

There are wives and mothers—unworthy wives, delinquent mothers!—who are world-wide reformers, and who especially devote their breath to the elevation of woman. They demand equal pay for the labor done by her; they assert that she has an equal right to live and to use the means for self-sustenance which are accorded to men. They even defend the right of women to hold office, and they advocate their right to dispose of their own property, and to have a voice in saying what shall be done with the money paid by them in the way of taxation. But how are these women in practical life? Do they bring up their daughters to any useful business? Do they make their girl-children understand that the laborer is respectable, and that the laborer is worthy of honor and esteem? Certainly not! Do they inculcate the idea that those of their own household shall make themselves independent of paternal support by the work of their own hands or brains? Not they! Although in theory they are reformers, in practice they are drones in the hive of reform—stumbling-blocks in the way of all really earnest and practical workers. Such theoretical reformers may draw tears of sympathy from those to whom they plead, or they may make Justice arise in indignation at outrages upon its name; whilst in practice the most humble worker—he or she whose door our philanthropists would not deign to enter upon terms of social equality—is a truer reformer, a more sincere worker of righteousness, than she.

A writer in the *Sunday Dispatch* makes the above statements, which she does not attempt to prove. Unsparing detraction goes but a little way where it is unsupported by facts. The truth is, in this case, the facts are all on the other side. The most famous advocates of our great reform are excellent housewives, and exemplary wives and mothers. Lucy Stone gave up her public work during the infancy of her child, and devoted her entire life to her maternal duties, recognizing fully the great truth of nature that the child has the first and most sacred claim upon the mother. The saintly Lucretia Mott is another notable example of devotion to home duties, as is Mrs. Stanton and Lydia Maria Child. Scores of other names might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to testify unto the truth. There is so much blind, hap-hazard scribbling for the newspapers on this subject by women themselves, who write of what they know not, and testify of what they have not seen, that a truth-lover's hatred of unbounded prejudice and false assumption is never allowed to cool.

JENNIE JUNE ON A FASHION ACADEMY.

Says Jennie June: "If the American women had wit enough to seize the idea of the 'Woman's Parliament' when it was first presented to them, they would have anticipated circumstances in a way that would have immortalized them. Had societies or 'councils' of women been organized at that time throughout the country, they could now be called upon to send each a delegate, and at once establish an American Academy of Fashion to be influenced by the voice of American women, instead of being, as they are, and as they must be, the sport of caprice, the prey of interested dealers, whose object naturally is to increase trade and enlarge their profits, not to improve taste. Suppose, for an instant, this American Academy of Fashion in existence; suppose it represented a majority of women in every town, village, hamlet and city in the Union; suppose it met, and decreed the short walking dress as the mode in the street for the next four years. A second skirt could be a matter of taste, trimmings could be a matter of taste, materials a matter of taste and convenience; but for four

years dress for street wear would be of just so many inches long, and just so many inches wide."

Self-constituted bodies that meet to regulate matters of society and fashion generally, after a short essay, find their occupation gone. If a Congress ever does meet composed wholly, or in part, of women, we hope it will have something more important to deliberate upon than styles of dress.

ABOUT WAGES.

The accompanying paragraph in regard to the wages paid to New York workwomen has been going the rounds of the papers. We would say in reference to it, that male teachers filling the same positions and doing the same work as the female teachers referred to would receive from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars a year. This we know for a fact, and the same will probably hold good in regard to book-keeping. Women book-keepers can be obtained for \$16 or \$20 a week, whereas men of the same capacity and acquirements would demand from \$25 to \$40 per week. What we ask is, that women doing the same work shall be paid precisely the same wages as men:

Female telegraphers, for instance, are paid from \$15 to \$20 per week. A first-class sewing-machine operator can earn \$15 a week, though the majority do not earn more than half that. Good female teachers in private and public schools get from \$600 to \$1,000 a year. The better class of dressmakers and forewomen in sewing establishments average \$800 or \$900 a year, and some receive as much as \$1,200. There are several women employed as book-keepers at salaries of \$16 to \$20 a week, and their places are just as secure as those of men.

A PICTURE.

Mr. John F. Wier has sent a small picture of the Matterhorn to Snedecor's gallery on Broadway, which is worthy of notice. The mountain rises, needle-like, against a finely-toned sky, with its angles as clear and sharp as if a diamond-point had traced them, and its vast avalanches hanging in an intense silent trance. The jagged gorge by which its side is torn is packed with ancient snows, and on the lower plateau there are patches of snow that seem to burn blue, like great sapphires. Lower down, a scanty vegetation appears, rendered in a medium range of browns and olives. Around the monarch's summit are trailing mists like a gray wind-swept beard. And this is all—the sky the mountain-top, the illimitable atmosphere making a vast citadel of silence. With these few and simple elements, the young painter has rendered his picture singularly impressive.

We notice with pleasure that a new paper, the *Terre Haute Saturday Evening Mail*, has started on the right track. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the manner in which live editors, in smart Western towns, are engaging in the advocacy of woman's interests. Here are some extracts from the *Mail's* leader for Sept. 24th:

We can readily see why women should vote, but to comprehend how it could have entered into the heart of man to conceive that she should not do so is, we confess, an impossibility.

It is not for us to show that woman should have a voice in government; the thing is clear, self-evident, and axiom. But show us, ye who can, ye wise men! show us that she should not. Defend this incongruity—prove that whatever is, is right.

"Bradford H. and Rebecca C. Spinner" is the title of a Lynn shoe firm.

WESTERN MALE COURTESY.

The "Shrieking Sisterhood" propose to celebrate their twentieth anniversary on the 21st instant in New York city. As these women suffragists admit an organization of twenty years—and it is a difficult matter to obtain the admission of any age from a woman—they should show us what they have accomplished in the way of ameliorating the condition of their sex. Have they made any reform in dress? Have they emancipated the poor white slave of the needle? Have they introduced any practical advance in the education of woman? Have they gained the respect and co-operation of any respectable number of respectable people in this score of years?

They have enabled such female blackguards as Mrs. Livermore to make herself notorious and disgusting. They have enabled Anna Dickinson to parade her platitudes at \$300 a night. They have promoted the doctrine of free love, and illustrated it with damnable instances. They have howled and shrieked out of all proportion to their numbers. But have they done anything else?—*Chicago Times*.

While our Eastern exchanges are beginning to treat us with marked civility, the above comes to us from the great West. The *Standard* or some other paper said, not long ago, that the woman question had passed out of the phase of ridicule; but in Chicago, that notably fast town, it appears to have just reached the phase of blackguardism.

However little the cause may have accomplished in other respects, it has given a certain class of editors an opportunity to show their manners, and air their choicest stock of bad language. We are quite willing to set the "howlings" and "shriekings" of the suffragists against the abuse of the above editor, feeling sure that he will come out ahead.

We can imagine with what gusto the editor in question sat down to vilify women, whose only crime is that they have upheld justice, and striven to make society purer and better. As women, we ask no special manifestation of civility; but as human beings, we claim in our favor the observance of those laws of decency and good breeding which are in force within the pale of civilization. Are we to henceforth consider Chicago outside of that pale?

TURN-ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

From time immemorial, it has been the fashion for moralists to preach to women. "How to make Home Happy," has been a fruitful text from which long dissertations have been drawn for woman's benefit. "Advice to Young Wives" has been issued in volumes elegantly bound, and intended as wedding gifts. "Advice to Young Mothers," has been equally abundant. In fact, from the cradle to the grave, woman has been treated to doses of good counsel enough to have driven her frantic, if she had attempted to follow one tithe of it.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that this tide of advice is beginning to be directed from the channel in which it has flowed so long, and that men are now taking their share, as we see by the following extract, which we clip from the N. Y. *Sunday Times*, as we wish to contribute our mite toward this new branch of missionary labor, the improvement of the masculine gender:

"HUSBANDS AND THEIR HABITS.—Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives, and bidding them 'good-bye,' in the tones of unwaried love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his

wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the 'good-bye.' Some husbands shake hands with their wives, and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down, and darting round the first corner. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round, at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. Their wives seek sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home pleasant and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointment. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed-time. 'Depend upon it,' says Dr. Spooner, 'that home is the happiest where kindness, and interest, and politeness, and attention, are the rule on the part of husbands—of course, all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there.'"

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

SECOND DECADE MEETING.

The friends of the cause are cordially invited to be present at the Woman Suffrage Reception and Reunion at St. James Hotel parlors, Broadway, corner of Twenty-sixth street, on Thursday, October 20th, from three to five P. M.

At six P. M. a lunch will be served in the ladies' dining-room. Price \$1.

There will be public meetings in Apollo Hall, Twenty-eighth street, corner of Broadway, on Friday, October 21st, at 10 A. M. and 7½ P. M., at which it is hoped all the friends of the cause will be present.

Morning session free. Evening session, 25c.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Chairman Com. of Arrangem'ts.

PIONEERS AND SPEAKERS TO BE PRESENT.

Paulina Wright Davis,	Abby H. Gibbons,
Lucretia Mott,	Phebe A. Hannaford,
Elizabeth Cady Stanton,	Charlotte B. Wilbour,
Amy Post,	Susan B. Anthony,
Samuel J. May,	Lillie Devereaux Blake,
Martha C. Wright,	Theodore Tilton,
Matilda Joslyn Gage,	Rev. Hy. Ward Beecher,
Olympia Brown,	Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Sewell,
Sarah Pugh,	Abby H. Price,
Josephine S. Griffing,	Mary Anna Johnson,
Robert Purvis,	Adeline Thompson,
Adelle Hazlett,	Sarah H. Hallock.

The St. James Hotel is the headquarters of the Decade Woman Suffrage Celebration.

The various forms of nervous irritation are successfully treated with Reay's Elixir Chloral. Sleep was induced with two doses in forty minutes from the first, in a severe case of neuralgia, from which the patient had suffered intense pain for days, which continued several hours, when she awoke refreshed and entirely free from pain. And I cheerfully recommend its use, as it is free from the injurious effects produced by opiates and alcoholic poisons.

S. A. FLETCHER, M. D.,
51 Concord St., Brooklyn.

GOOD FOR IOWA.—The Iowa Senate has removed from the statute book of the State the law that prevented a mother from inheriting the property of a deceased child on the same terms with the father. It has also passed a bill striking out from that section of the code which describes the personal qualifications of those who may be admitted to the bar the words "white" and "male."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CELEBRATION.

The twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of the Woman Suffrage Movement in this country will be celebrated in Apollo Hall, in the city of New York, on the 20th and 21st of October, 1870.

The movement in England, as in America, may be dated from the first National Convention, held at Worcester, Mass., October, 1850. The July following that convention a favorable criticism of its proceedings and an able digest of the whole question appeared in the *Westminster Review*, written by Mrs. John Stuart Mill, which awakened attention in both hemispheres. In the call for that convention the following subjects for discussion were presented: Woman's right to EDUCATION, *Literary, Scientific, and Artistic*; Her VOCATIONS, *Industrial, Commercial, and Professional*; Her INTERESTS, *Pecuniary, Civil, and Political*; in a word, HER RIGHTS as an *Individual*, and her FUNCTIONS as a *Citizen*.

It is hoped that the Old and the New World will both be largely represented by the earlier advocates of this reform, who will bring with them reports of progress and plans for future action. An extensive foreign correspondence will also add interest to the meetings. We specially invite the presence of those just awakening to an interest in this great movement, that from a knowledge of the past they may draw fresh inspiration for the work of the future, and fraternize a generation now rapidly passing away.

As those who inaugurated a reform so momentous and far-reaching in its consequences, held themselves above all party considerations and personal antagonisms, and as this gathering is to be in no way connected with either of our leading woman suffrage organizations, we hope that the friends of real progress everywhere will come together and unitedly celebrate this twentieth anniversary of a great national movement for freedom. Prompt answer requested.

Committee of Arrangements:—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Samuel J. May, Sarah Pugh, Ernestine L. Rose, C. I. H. Nichols.

On behalf of the committee,

PAULINA W. DAVIS, Chairman.

WHITEHOUSE'S STORE.

Mr. J. O. Whitehouse of 281 and 283 (old No.), and 293 and 295 (new No.), Fulton street, is doing the best he possibly can for the pedal extremities of Brooklyn in the way of boots, shoes, and slippers. The varieties of material employed in this trade by Mr. Whitehouse are very curious. All kinds of leather and abundant supplies of other substance flow daily in the raw shape into his store, and emerge therefrom in all shapes of foot-covering. Boots, such as Tom Thumb's ogre might have wandered leagues with, and dainty Cinderella slippers, with every degree of size and fashion between, are ranged on his ample shelves. To be well-shod and well-gloved is one of the Parisian conditions of good taste. The first consideration can easily be achieved by a visit to Mr. Whitehouse's store, where all requisite preparations are made for large demands in the way of boots and shoes. The place deserves a visit, and a visit will probably result in a purchase.

W. C. Bryant translated the *Iliad* that he might forget the loss of his wife.

OVINGTON'S STORE.

For articles of *bijouterie* and *certu* we are well off in Brooklyn while Ovington Brothers maintain the present high standard of that repository. The lavish display of bronzes, porcelain, jewelry and household ornament in dazzling knights in armor, dainty china shepherdesses, such as Dickens loved, parian statuettes and busts, verd antiques of costly worth, all bewilder the visitor by their rare beauty. A visit to the Ovington's is like a visit to a palace corridor, where priceless art treasures occupy every coigne of vantage and every empty niche. The prodigality of the exhibition is something startling. One can hardly realize that so many dainty things can be exposed for sale. The inspection of these lovely pieces of ornament is a rich, aesthetic treat. Messrs. Ovington always receive visitors with civility, politeness, and are always glad to act as cicerone through the intricate maze of works of art exposed for sale in their magnificent saloon.

"The adopted son of a worthy citizen of West Troy recently seduced the daughter of a wealthy merchant of the same place. The father of the girl waited upon him, and insisted that he should marry her. He agreed, and then, singularly enough, the father insisted that he should not marry her. As, according to the statement of the amiable old gentleman, he was to be shot if he did marry the girl, and killed if he didn't, the young man very wisely "cut for de woods;" in other words, he went to California."

Leaving the threats of vengeance out of the case, we certainly think the injured father did well to forbid the marriage of his daughter to the young scapegrace above referred to. Any man who has made himself infamous to such a degree is hardly fit to assume the role of a husband. There are many like cases where matrimony deepens, rather than palliates, the crime.

If any young woman thinks of taking the advice of the New York World to "earn money to buy a husband," she had better reflect on the following story before purchasing the commodity.

"Some years ago a young couple were joined in wedlock at Buffalo, the parents of the bride giving her \$30,000 as a marriage portion. While the money lasted the young man showed his wife a good deal of attention, but manifested no desire for work. Finally, the fund got low, and his affection seemed to dwindle away with it. About ten days ago he started from Buffalo for Rochester to live with another woman, leaving the wife in destitute circumstances. She followed him in a few days, but finding that he had really taken up his quarters as stated, she applied to the local authorities for means to go home, and departed by the night mail train."

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FAMILY HAPPY.

GET A "SAWYER PIANO."

Remember, the SAWYER PIANOS are the best in use, and never fail to give entire satisfaction. Pianos Tuned and Repaired. SECOND-HAND PIANOS exchanged for new ones. Warerooms, Corner FULTON AVE. and JAY ST., BROOKLYN. o13 tf

WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

This is the title of a book of instruction on dress and dressmaking, published by Mme. Demorest, at fifteen cents. Dressmakers and ladies generally will find in this manual much useful information, and complete instruction in every department of ladies' and children's dress. It is issued semi-annually, and sent free of postage. Address Mme. Demorest, 536 Broadway, N. Y. Fall and winter edition now ready.

The Revolution.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF WOMAN.

EDITED BY
MRS. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

PROSPECTUS.

THE REVOLUTION is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the State, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not to be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

Let every earnest woman who reads this Prospectus subscribe for this paper.

THE REVOLUTION is published not for any pecuniary gain to its responsible conductors, for they receive no compensation for their services. Its proprietors are a joint-stock company, who have supplied it with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and who mean to publish it at its actual cost, without a penny of profit.

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Although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms, so harmful to children.

Children having worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS IN CHILDREN

Are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making

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is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

Messrs. John I. Brown & Sons:

As I have used your "Worm Comfits" in my practice for two years past with always good success, I have no hesitation in recommending them as a very superior preparation for the purpose for which they are intended. As I am aware they DO NOT CONTAIN ANY MERCURY or other injurious substances, I consider them perfectly safe to administer even in the most delicate cases.

ALVAH HOPKINS, M.D.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1864.

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"BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS"

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AID FOR THE SUFFERING FRENCH.

The appeal of a number of well-known French ladies of this city for charitable aid in behalf of the thousands of wounded French soldiers, and the starving peasantry of the desolated regions of France, is one that should be promptly met by the women of the land. A charity fair, on a large scale, is to be organized for the relief of the sufferers, and doubtless scores of native-born American women, who may be said to have graduated and taken a degree in organizing such movements during our own great struggle, will lend valuable aid. Never before have our sympathies been enlisted, and our interest awakened, in a foreign contest so keenly as in this; and a noble opportunity is now offered to the women of our city and country to utilize this almost universal sentiment.

A GROWL FROM A SCHOOL-MARM.

Our men teachers yesterday drew their \$150.00 for four weeks work, while we women Principals drew \$60, when all the other teachers drew only \$40, and nearly every one of them have more real hard work to do than the men.

If I only had the language at my command, like Mrs. Stanton, wouldn't I make the columns of the papers shine with splendid articles showing up the beauties of a man "Board of Education" where nine-tenths of the teachers are women.

Just wait till we vote! Won't we put in some good smart women; and if we do, will they be fools enough to vote all the money into the pockets of a half dozen men teachers. I don't believe it.

Upward of twenty young women are studying theology in the United States with the view of becoming preachers.

Special Notices.

A LADY'S INVENTION.

Great Revolution in Hair-Dressing—Immense Sales—Agents Realizing Splendid Profits.—The Flexible Magnetic Hair Curlers and Crimpers will curl or wave any hair in from ten to thirty minutes, without the use of hot curling irons or injurious chemical compounds. They are very simple; can be used by a child; are neat in appearance, when in use, and from their flexible construction will be found superior to any other article for comfort. Will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

1 box, containing 12—2 inch long, 50 cts.

1 " " "—3 " " 75 "

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"Spalding's Glue," stickiest thing out.

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A great Emperor once asked one of his noble subjects what would secure his country the first place among the nations of the earth. The nobleman's grand reply was, "Good mothers!" Now, what constitutes a good mother? The answer is conclusive: she who, regarding the future welfare of her child, seeks every available means that may offer to promote a sound physical development, to the end that her offspring may not be deficient in any single faculty with which nature has endowed it. In infancy there is no period which is more likely to affect the future disposition of the child than that of teething, producing, as it does, fretfulness, moroseness of mind, which, if not checked, will manifest itself in after days.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Is unquestionably one of the greatest remedial agents in existence, both for the prevention and cure of the alarming symptoms which so often manifest themselves during the teething period; such as griping in the bowels, wind colic, convulsions, etc. It is also the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of dysentery and diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from teething or any other cause.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

This valuable preparation has been used with never-failing success in thousands of cases.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will also instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS and WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of

DYSENTERY AND DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN.

Whether arising from teething or any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle.

The mother finds a faithful friend in MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Perfectly reliable and harmless. It relieves the child from pain. Regulates the stomach and bowels.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

"The poor wren, the most diminutive of birds, will fight for the young ones in her nest against the owl," and so will the doting mother fight against those fell diseases which threaten for a while to despoil her of the object of her love. Trying and critical, indeed, is the teething period; but relief is afforded by the timely use of

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

All who have ever used it are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums and reducing all inflammation. It will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Mothers may depend upon it.

MOTHERS, READ THIS

The following is an extract from a letter written by the pastor of a Baptist church to the *Journal and Messenger*, Cincinnati, Ohio, and speaks volumes in favor of that world-renowned medicine, *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething*:

"We see an advertisement in your columns of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Now we never said a word in favor of a patent medicine before in our life, but we feel compelled to say to your readers that this is no humbug. We HAVE TRIED IT, AND KNOW IT TO BE ALL IT CLAIMS. It is, probably, one of the most successful medicines of the day, because it is one of the best. And those of your readers who have babies can't do better than to lay in a supply." 020



A COUGH, A COLD, OR A SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Disease, or Consumption is often the result.

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Having a direct influence to the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption, and Throat Diseases, Troches have a soothing effect.

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will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before Singing or Speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in the various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

"TROCHES," so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation, and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with fac simile of the Proprietors.

JOHN L. BROWN & SON,

on the outside wrapper or box, and private government stamp attached to each box.

This care in putting up the Troches is important as a security to the purchaser, in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches. 06 6m

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\$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

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DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

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Dear Sir: I wish you to send me two dozen boxes of your Carbolic Salve. I have an obstinate sore on my foot, which has been a running sore for over ten years. I was sent one box of your Salve, and I found it to do better on my foot than any other. R. B. BLERUM.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 29, 1870.

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No other Compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

*It softens the hair when harsh and dry.
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It prevents the hair from falling off.
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Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. POPE.

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With respect,

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sep22



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It renders broiling, heretofore so vexatious, the QUICKEST AND EASIEST of all modes of cooking, and meats broiled by it

MORE PALATABLE AND NUTRITIOUS THAN BY ANY OTHER MODE OF COOKING THEM, because it prevents the loss of nutriment by evaporation or otherwise. It sets on top of the stove or range, over one of the openings; requires no preparation of fire; no coke or charcoal; no pounding of steak; renders tough meat tender by its action; does away with all smoke and smell of grease; broils equally well over coal or wood; answers for all sized stove or range openings;

AND IS EQUALLY GOOD FOR BEEFSTEAK, CHICKEN, HAM, CHOPS, FISH, AND OYSTERS.

It broils steak, over an average fire, in SEVEN to EIGHT MINUTES, and, over a very hot fire, WITHIN FIVE MINUTES; other meats in proportion, and RETAINS ALL THE JUICES AND FLAVOR, which no other broiler does.

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